

The Daily Mirror

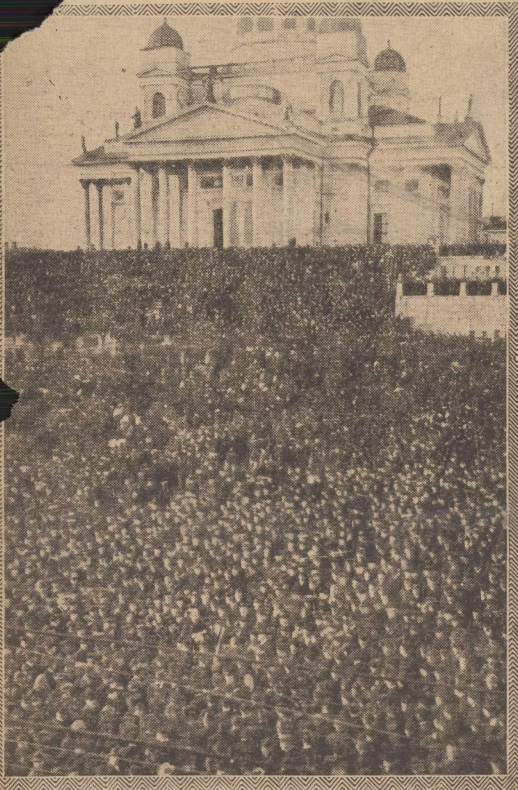
THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1905

One Halfpenny.

TERROR IN RUSSIA: REIGN OF RIOT AND ANARCHY.



A surging mass of revolutionary strikers forcing their way to the public buildings in the Senate Square. The occasion was a popular demonstration against the police in Helsingfors, the capital of Finland.



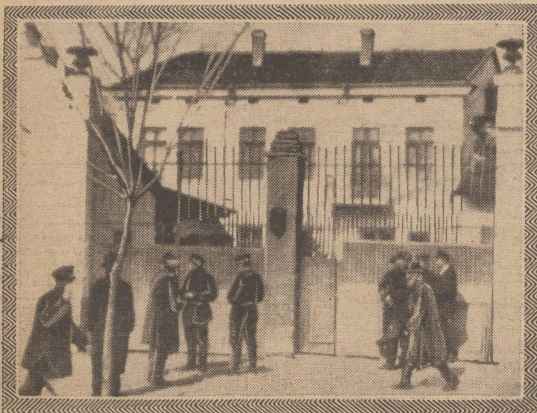
In the centre of the huge throng can be seen the chief committee of the strikers in Helsingfors, proclaiming to the assembled thousands that the strike was now at an end. St. Petersburg is now cut off from the rest of Europe save by way of Finland.

REVOLUTIONARY RIOT OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.



Striking photograph of an angry mob assembled outside the town hall at Odessa. Revolutionary speeches were made, and the mob, who were carrying the red flag of revolution, assumed a very threatening attitude, and a severe struggle took place, in which many were killed and wounded.

ENGLISHMAN IN DANGER AT ODESSA.



The mob entered the yard of Mr. Penistan's house in the outskirts of Odessa. They intended to wreck the house and kill him and his family, but he persuaded them that he was not a Jew, and gave money and wine to the mob, who departed. Later a guard of soldiers (seen in the photograph) was obtained.

KING EDWARD SPRAINS HIS ANKLE.

Steps in a Rabbit Hole While
Shooting at Windsor.

NO SERIOUS INJURY.

His Majesty Driven Back to Windsor
Castle.

MEDICAL OPINION.

The whole nation will regret to learn that King Edward, while shooting in Windsor Great Park yesterday, with Prince Nicholas of Greece and a large number of distinguished sportsmen, had the misfortune to sprain his right ankle.

The accident occurred late yesterday afternoon, just before the last drive. His Majesty placed his foot in a rabbit-hole, and, in stumbling, his gun got between his legs, the stock breaking from the barrel, and his Majesty fell heavily to the ground.

Several of the sportsmen rushed forward to help the King, but his Majesty was able to rise practically without assistance. He was, however, evidently suffering, and Mr. G. Overton, the head gamekeeper, rubbed the injured limb.

His Majesty was then assisted to a carriage by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Ward, and was at once driven to Windsor Castle. Before he left his Majesty, ever mindful of others, requested that the sport should continue after his departure, "I am all right," he said. "You go on."

Though he was suffering acute pain his Majesty treated the accident very lightly. When he arrived at the Castle he was able to walk to his room. A nurse was sent for and dressed the injured ankle. According to a statement made last night by Lord Knollys, the accident is not considered serious.

But, as will be seen by the medical opinions quoted below, it is likely to cause his Majesty inconvenience for some little time.

Up to the time of the accident excellent sport had been enjoyed. His Majesty, who started on horseback, was accompanied by Prince Nicholas of Greece and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and was afterwards joined by Prince Christian.

WHAT A SPRAIN MEANS.

The ordinary definition of a sprain is:—
"A violent straining or twisting of the soft parts surrounding a joint, without dislocation. The ordinary consequence of a sprain is to produce some degree of swelling and inflammation in the injured part."

"On the face of it a sprain is not a very serious thing," explained a Harley-street physician to the *Daily Mirror* last night, "but it may have unpleasant consequences."

"For instance, in tubercular persons, especially children, a sprain may lead to tubercular disease of the joint. Luckily King Edward is not in the least tubercular."

"Gouty or rheumatic patients are likely to have an unpleasant time with a sprain, and I am afraid that his Majesty may have some trouble in his ankle for a long time. I do not mean that he will be lame or anything of that kind, but he is very likely to have rheumatism in that ankle."

"Three weeks or so should see a sprained ankle, ordinarily speaking, better. What one may call

soothing treatment, followed by massage, is the best treatment for a sprain.

"A sprain is an exceedingly painful thing, but I am very pleased to say that it is not likely to do any serious harm—certainly not to such a healthy man as the King."

THE KING AS A PATIENT.

King Edward has, generally speaking, been singularly free from illness, and in the few misfortunes of this kind he has been visited with, his sturdy constitution has enabled him to throw off completely all ill-effects.

During the last thirty-five years he has had but two serious illnesses. In 1871 he was stricken with typhoid fever, but though on December 11 of that year his life was despaired of, he rallied and threw off the disease. The nation's thankfulness for his wonderful recovery was expressed in a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's.

The suspense felt over the illness which caused a postponement of the Coronation ceremony in 1902 is still fresh in the nation's memory. An operation for appendicitis was performed by Sir Frederick Treves. Here, again, his Majesty's robust health enabled him to effect so complete a recovery that, when the Coronation took place in August, it was hard to realise that he had passed through so critical an illness.

The King's docility as a patient was never better illustrated than after his accident on July 18, 1898, when, during a visit to Baron F. de Rothschild at Waddesden Manor, he slipped on a staircase and fractured his kneecap. The fact that he so fully recoiled at the power of the injured limb was largely due to the deference he paid to the minutest instructions of the physician, and his unwearied patience during the tedious weeks of treatment.

The King's good horsemanship saved him when, on July 2, 1866, while riding in the Row with the Queen of the Belgians, a runaway horse dashed into the party, bringing the Prince's horse to the ground. It appeared as if the royal rider was crushed under the horse, but he managed to fall clear, and quickly mounted again, only suffering from bruises.

THE QUEEN AND HER BROTHER

Queen Alexandra and King George of Greece did not join the shooting party yesterday, but walked from the Castle unattended, and did some shopping in Windsor early in the afternoon.

The royal brother and sister walked through the Dean's Cloisters and down the hundred steps leading into Thames-street. Their Majesties crossed the Thames and walked on into Eton.

Here several astonished Eton boys, who recognised them, raised their hats, and the King and Queen graciously acknowledged their salutations.

Their Majesties walked on as far as the College Chapel, and after looking at the school buildings retraced their steps to the High-street, Windsor. The King and Queen here entered Mr. Barber's antique shop and made a number of purchases.

During the whole excursion very few people recognised their Majesties. The King wore a bowler hat and dark overcoat, and the Queen was in a dark grey costume.

After lunch the King of the Hellenes, Princess Nicholas, and Princess Victoria took a stroll through the streets of Windsor. They were much interested in the pictures of a street artist, and Princess Victoria handed them a two-shilling piece. The artist did not know who the donor was until after the royal party had departed.

"COMMAND" PERFORMANCE.

The King's accident detracted somewhat from the interest of the "command" performance given by Mr. Arthur Boucherier and his company from the Garrick Theatre last night in the Waterloo Chamber.

It was, nevertheless, a most brilliant scene. Nearly one hundred and fifty people were engaged in the production of five scenes from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," in which Mr. Boucherier took the part of Shylock, and Miss Vanbrugh that of Portia. A little play called "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Mr. Alfred Sutro, concluded the performance.

KING CARL V. OF NORWAY.

Civil List of £38,888 Provided for the
New monarch.

The Premier announced, amid an impressive scene in the Norwegian Parliament yesterday, that Prince Charles of Denmark had accepted his popular election to the throne of Norway.

It was also stated by the Premier that the election of the King would take place on Saturday.

The Storting then proceeded to consider the Government proposal, says Reuter, to fix the Civil List of the new monarch at 700,000 kroner (£38,888) a year.

After some discussion the Parliament agreed to this by 100 votes to 11.

Great preparations are being made to render the progress of the King and Queen to their new dominions a spectacle of impressive brilliancy.

It is believed that Prince and Princess Charles will embark on a Norwegian vessel at Copenhagen, and will be greeted with all the honours due to crowned heads.

The Norwegian fleet will be represented by the powerful turret-ships Harald, Haarfagre, and Tordenskjold, and there was a rumour prevalent yesterday that the distinguished travellers will also have the escort to Christiania of a squadron of British and German warships.

The scene, enhanced by the beauty of the route, will be a very striking one, calculated to stir the imagination even of the most phlegmatic of spectators.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FUND.

Ten Thousand Pounds Received Yesterday
for the Benefit of the Unemployed.

Another £10,000 was received for the Queen's Fund yesterday, the total now being £24,250.

Among other contributions were £8,000 from Viscount Iveagh (who, it may be recalled, got his viscounty on the King's birthday, as some acknowledgment of his services to charitable and philanthropic objects), £2,000 from Baron de Forest, £1,000 from the Marquis of Ripon (the father of Earl de Grey), and £1,000 from Mrs. Bischoffsheim.

The Queen is understood to be busily occupied in dealing with the correspondence in connection with the Unemployed Fund, and is keeping herself acquainted with even the minutest details.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Lord Tredegar, Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, is suffering from a severe chill, with loss of voice.

Severe earthquake shocks have been felt in the Thuluchin region in Szechwan (China), says a Reuter's Shanghai message.

"France will not await President Castro's pleasure much longer," said M. Jusserand, French Ambassador at Washington, yesterday, speaking of the Franco-Venezuelan situation.

Messages received in Paris from Brest, Lorient, Cherbourg, and other centres, indicate that the strike of the men employed in the Government arsenals has practically collapsed.

Communications are still passing between Mr. Deakin, the Federal Premier, and General Booth, says a Reuter's Melbourne telegram, with regard to the proposed immigration scheme.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—North-easterly breezes; frosty and fair periods; local squalls of sleet or snow.

Lighting-up time, 5.6 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

STARVING 400,000.

Manchurian Army Made Desperate
by Its Sufferings.

RUSSIAN STRIKE SPREADS

CHICAGO, Thursday.—The "Chicago Daily News" correspondent at Harbin telegraphs that the oppressive conduct of the Russian officers towards their men has provoked a revolt there.

Two officers were shot recently, and an extensive mutiny is threatened. The troops are suffering from bad rations, insufficient clothing, and their boots are miserable things with soles made of paper.—Laffan.

Peter, Thursday.—A telegram to the "Matin" from St. Petersburg says:—

"Reports from places all along the Siberian railway bring news of outbreaks among the Manchurian army, but it is extremely difficult to obtain an accurate account of the deplorable condition of this horde of 400,000 men without bread and without clothes."

"This state of things will become a hundred times worse owing to the interruption of communications and the winter, which is beginning."

"The situation seems lamentable throughout the whole of the Russian Empire.—Reuter.

THE "IRON HAND" DEFIED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The conclusive struggle between the autocracy and compromise on the one hand, and the proletarian and revolution on the other, would seem to have begun.

The Government's measures with regard to Poland were the signal for battle. They were regarded as revealing the iron hand of reactionary repression under the velvet glove of reluctant reforms.

Both sides realise that the struggle is one of life and death. The Government have staked their all on the loyalty of the troops, while their opponents rely to some extent on the defection of a part of the army.—Reuter's Special.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—According to the latest estimates the men on strike number 50,000.

Messrs. Hubbards, Millers, Thorntons, and other English firms have offered to pay the expenses of sending the wives and children of their English hands to England.

It is stated that Father Gapon is now in St. Petersburg.—Reuter.

PANIC AMONG FINANCIERS.

An Exchange Company's St. Petersburg cablegram posted on the London Stock Exchange just before the close of business yesterday stated that "The Credit Lyonnais here refused to accept Russian securities and a panic prevails on the Stock Exchange."

If the news were literally true, it would be serious. It would mean that this institution was discriminating against Russian issues as securities for loans. But, of course, if it were so doing, it would be refusing Russian bonds not merely in Russia, but in France and wherever it had branches. Until it is shown that this is the case, it is early to speak of the refusal.

At all events, nothing was known of it in London. Yet, if the Credit Lyonnais thought so badly of Russian credit, the chances of a successful revolution, and the jeopardy of holders of Russian securities, the great banking institution would surely have informed its leading branches abroad.

DREAD OF MUTINY.

The Central News is informed that owing to the general unrest Russia the Russian Government has countermanded all arrangements for the transport of the Manchurian army to Russia.

Doubts have been entertained as to the loyalty of Russian troops.

START OF THE ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY AT WINDSOR PARK, WHERE KING EDWARD SPRAINED HIS ANKLE.



Photograph specially taken by the "Daily Mirror." The figure of his Majesty is indicated by a cross.

PRINCE OF WALES
HOLDS A DURBAR.

All the Chiefs of Central India
Attend.

PICTURESQUE SCENES.

INDORE, Thursday.—The Prince of Wales to-day took an early morning ride, in the course of which he paid informal visits to the camps of some of the chiefs.

The great ceremony of the day was a Durbar held in a large square tent facing the Residency. All the chiefs of Central India attended in full state, with the exception of the Maharajah Holkar, favoured with a private audience.

At the upper end of the tent was a dais, on which stood two chairs of state. One was of silver and surmounted by the ostrich feathers of the Prince's emblem; the other, on the right hand, smaller, but of gold, was for the Princess. Behind the chairs were five attendants, bearing fans, maces, and Suraj Mukhis, or golden heart-shaped sunshades, emblems of authority of the Rajputs, who claim to be descended from the sun, the words, "Suraj Mukhi" meaning "Cassir of the Sun."

Symbol of Homage.

In front of the chairs of state sat the chiefs, arrayed in their most magnificent apparel, bedizened with costly gems.

The Princess of Wales arrived a few minutes before eleven o'clock. Her Royal Highness wore a light summer dress, with a violet toque. Presently the Prince entered, and, amid the strains of the National Anthem, the entire company up-standing, ascended the dais and took his seat on the silver chair.

The chiefs were then presented. The Begum of Bhopal, who was completely veiled by a burka, and was wearing a small gold crown, advanced first and extended to the Prince a "nazar" (a symbolic gift offered in token of homage), which his Royal Highness touched with his finger, thereby remitting it.

A precisely similar formality was observed with all the other chiefs, who were presented successively, the members of the retinue in each case rising and remaining standing till their master had returned to his chair.

Cherish Privileges and Customs.

When the last chief had made his obeisance, the Prince asked Major Dny, official agent to the Governor-General, to tell the chiefs how glad he was to see them.

"I wish you to explain to them," his Royal Highness continued, "that I, like all the members of my house, attach great importance to the observance of ceremonial customs, and, if time had allowed, should have exchanged visits with the chiefs, as I did at Bombay. But time does not allow, and I must content myself with the fact that I am able to see them at to-day's Durbar."

"My visit here is of a somewhat informal character, and I wish you clearly to explain to all present that any omission, which arises purely from lack of time, is not to form a precedent, nor to detract from the privileges and customs which I cherish and esteem as dearly as any chief in India."—Reuter's Special.

HONOURABLE MISS SPARROW.

How Sir Ian Hamilton Offended a Pretty Little Geisha.

Sir Ian Hamilton's "Staff Officer's Scrap Book," published to-day (Arnold 18s.), is the most entertaining and in some ways the most valuable work yet published on the Russo-Japanese war.

The author has a great opinion of the Japanese. He called their army, even before the war, the best in the world except the British "at its best." He was enchanted by the smiles and "womanliness" of their women, and he had great flirtations with the "geishas" in Tokio.

One of these ended sadly. He met a lady called Honourable Miss Sparrow, and asked an inexpressible to her that he would like to carry her off in a beautiful golden cage. The compliment did not please the lady. She sulked and soon went away.

Sir Ian took some pains to find out why, and he eventually discovered that his speech had been translated thus: "As you are a sparrow, I wish you would shut yourself up in a box." No wonder the lady was annoyed!

"UNEMPLOYED" PROFESSION.

A plaintiff in the Maidstone County Court yesterday said that he left hop-picking in the country to join the ranks of the unemployed, where he could get 2s. 6d. a day.

A man was remanded at Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday, charged with a theft said to have been committed in June, 1898.

M. BALFOUR'S HOSTESS.

He Promises To show an Old Lady
the House of Commons.

Some day next session the Prime Minister may be seen conducting an aged peasant woman over the House of Commons with all the grace and courtliness that distinguish him.

This scene will be required to complete the pretty story which comes from Garstang, in Lancashire.

Mr. Balfour and Sir Thomas Lipson were mooring from Scotland, when their car was pulled up in the village for repairs. The day was cool, and an old woman occupying a neighbouring cottage took compassion on the suffering gentlemen, and heartily invited them, in her homely Lancashire dialect, to come in and seat themselves by her fireside during the time of waiting.

For a couple of hours the Premier and Sir Thomas made themselves thoroughly at home, playing with the children, whom they found singing their school-songs.

"Now, wot you loike a cup of tay?" asked their kindly hostess, who had meantime unperceived busied herself with preparing some refreshment.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Balfour. "We will have a cup." Seating themselves at the homely table, he and Sir Thomas partook with great relish of tea and good country bread and butter. It was at the conclusion of the meal that their identity was disclosed.

"The car is ready, Sir Thomas," cried the chauffeur.

Their hostess looked, as she puts it, "slopped." "Sir Tummies!" she exclaimed. "My word! Then her guests told their names, and thanked her for her goodness and the latter a piece of gold.

Mr. Balfour said that if ever his hostess came to London he would be very proud to see her, and she should see the House of Commons.

SNOW, FROST, AND RAIN.

November's Eccentricities May Be Due to
Disturbances in the Heavens.

Many unwelcome varieties of weather were experienced all over Europe yesterday.

Londoners alternately shivered at the frosty keenness of the air, basked in genial sunshine, and ran for shelter from mingled snow, sleet, and rain. Snow fell as far south as Dover, and Wick in the extreme north enjoyed a temperature no lower than that of Southend.

Aboard the weather is uncommonly inclement. Six inches of snow has fallen at Stockholm, and a furious hurricane is raging on the eastern and western coasts of Spain, stripping roots and interrupting telegraphic communication at Barcelona. November's eccentricities are giving rise to suppositions as to the effect of changes in the heavens. Astronomers say that wonderful electric storms and the accompanying aurora borealis may be expected.

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

Violent Quarrel Between Members and Councilors of the College of Surgeons.

There was a lively scene at yesterday's annual meeting of the members and fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons.

In the report of the council of the college it was stated that at a meeting of the members the management of the council had been strongly condemned. The report added that the council did not propose to take any notice of this.

Whereupon several members violently protested. Mr. Collingwood characterised the constitution of the college as medieval. Farm labourers and railway porters possessed the full franchise, but members of that college could not vote for the election of their own council.

Objection was raised to the council voting upon the question, but this was overruled, and the members were defeated by nineteen votes to fifteen, whereupon cries of, "It's a farce," and "a dirty trick," were raised.

Finally, a number of indignant members withdrew from the meeting.

STAGE-STRAUK EXTRAVAGANCE.

Fondness for expensive amusement led a smartly-dressed, well-spoken lad, named William George Hopwood into trouble.

He robbed his master of a number of foreign banknotes and coins, and spent the whole of the money in purchasing a season-ticket admitting him to the stalls at a local music-hall. At Brentford yesterday he was dealt with under the First Offenders Act.

AFFABLE STAGE ASPIRANT.

No fewer than thirty-four children were licensed at Bow-street yesterday to appear in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Adelphi.

The youngest caused great amusement by solemnly shaking hands with all the officials of the court.

FRANTIC FINANCE.

How L.C.C. Expenditure Has Doubled
in Twelve Years.

RATEPAYERS PROTEST.

The sins of the L.C.C. were the subject of an interesting speech delivered by Mr. F. R. Marchant on behalf of the London Municipal Society at North St. Pancras last night.

The text of his attack was that the cost of London's municipal government had doubled in twelve years.

In 1882, he said, it cost £12,710,000 to govern London. To-day it costs £25,000,000.

When this is reduced to the amount per head of the population, every man, woman, and child cost £3 6s. 1d. in 1882; but in 1904 the annual cost had risen to £5 7s. 7d. each.

The way in which the expenditure had grown to such a figure was almost humorous.

Opposite the end of Chancery-lane is a nicely renovated Tudor building. For this renovation the taxpayers have paid £24,000, because the L.C.C. imagined that the building had an historical value as the home of Henry VIII.

Expensive Experience.

Then they changed their minds and treasured it as the house of Cardinal Wolsey. The fact that it is neither has not reimbursed the £27,000. Experience is proverbially dear. The L.C.C.'s experience costs the ratepayer thousands of pounds.

When Waterloo-bridge was lighted by gas the L.C.C. decided to have electric light. Then they came to the conclusion that they preferred gas. Cost—£7,000! To change back to electricity should be comparatively cheap, now they know the process. Other mere details are such losses on municipal enterprises as £5,536 on re-housing, £4,112 on tramways, £46,000 on Thames steamers.

Nor are the millions which the L.C.C. are preparing to add to their indebtedness likely to improve matters.

A Thames tunnel at Rotherhithe is to cost two and a quarter millions; a palatial Council Hall beside Westminster-bridge, two millions; not to mention the trifling matter of an electric power scheme at three millions.

LONDON'S FIRE GEYSERS.

Spectacle That Delights the Aesthetic, but
Alarms the Timorous.

To the host of "sights" of London may soon be added "fire geysers."

They have come with the electrification of the Underground Railway. Passengers, wholly artistic, describe the sights with adjectives like "grand" and "beautiful." Others, only partly artistic, see in them more danger than entertainment.

"Stand clear!" is the cry of the porters when a goods train is signalled. Away along the tunnel can be seen a geyser of flame coming nearer and nearer with the train. As the trucks rattle through the station the flame licks the edge of the platform, and cascades of sparks rise and fall.

It is the result of old trucks running over the new electric permanent-way, said a District official to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Attached to the wheels are brake pins, hanging loose by a few inches of chain. The moment the edges of the pins touch the 'live' rail the flames rise and the sparks fly.

"This will go on until every edge of every brake pin has been burnt away."

LOST COUNT OF HIS THEFT.

Clerk Blames Betting for Extensive Embezzlement from Employers.

Looking extremely weak, Ernest James Whiting, of Hither Green, was brought before Sir A. de Rutzen at Bow-street yesterday.

It was stated that while assistant-cashier to Messrs. Jacobs and Co., Covent Garden, he embezzled amounts which totalled nearly £4,000.

On the day the warrant was issued Whiting was found under a train near New Cross. He had either thrown himself out or fallen on to the line. He was arrested in hospital.

"I thought it was £3,000; it has all gone in betting," he said on his way to Bow-street in a cab. He was remanded.

EXPRESS DEMOLISHED.

An Exchange telegram from Lisbon states that the Madrid-Lisbon express has been derailed near Maravaz, on the Portuguese frontier. The train was entirely demolished.

Full details have not yet been received, but it is reported that a great number of persons were seriously injured.

DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS.

Bath House, Piccadilly, Becomes a
Paradise for Children.

Any unsuspecting visitor walking into Bath House, Piccadilly, yeste day would have imagined he had accidentally strayed into the land of the Lilliputians.

For the house appeared to be alive with tiny people not more than a foot or so high. They sat at the top of the staircase, swarmed all over the dining-room and drawing-room, and peeped out from every nook and corner. And they were clothed in gorgeous, many-hued garments of all times and of all nations.

A closer inspection would have revealed the fact that the little people were not alive. They were dummies—in fact, dolls.

It was the seventh Doll Show of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, whose chairman is Lady Wernher, and it was in her home, kindly lent for the occasion, that the show was being held.

Noticeable among the hundreds of splendidly-dressed dollies was one adorned in the national garb of Russia—a long, flowing scarlet and light blue gown, surmounted by a gorgeous white satin "tiara" studded with pearls and red and blue gems, from which hung a long, delicate, white veil.

Master Derwent Hall Caine had himself dressed a doll as Red Riding Hood, and besides these there were French dolls, dolls in correct Central African costume, bride and bridegroom dolls, chauffer dolls, Japanese dolls; in fact, dolls of every nation under the sun.

The dolls will be divided among the 178 branches of the association, whose object is to brighten the early years of poor children. The president is the Princess of Wales, and the hon. secretary Mrs. Bland-Sutton, 47, Brooke-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

"AS HUNGRY WOLVES."

Violent Speeches at a Meeting of the
Unemployed in Pepliar.

"Let us march to Hyde Park next Monday, not as weak sheep, but as hungry wolves."

This utterance, made by one of the speakers at the meeting of unemployed held in the Poplar Town Hall yesterday, voiced the sentiments of the gathering, or at least those of the speakers. Alderman J. H. Banks, who presided, said the Queen's gift of £2,000 showed that she was touched by the cry of the unemployed. But unless one or two millions were raised the unemployed would not be benefited.

If the Queen and Premier thought charity would satisfy them, they were mistaken. The unemployed must compel the Government to vote public money to provide work.

Mr. "Jack" Williams said people like the Rev. W. Carlie and General Booth were exploiting the unemployed, and their places should be pulled down. By paying men 5d. an hour and such low wages the Church Army were throwing other men out of employment.

The meeting closed with an appeal to the men to march in thousands to Hyde Park on Monday.

DR. BARNARD'S WILL.

Leaves a Tenth of His Estate for the Benefit
of His Little Work.

Dr. Barnardo's anxiety to see his lifework continued is, as was to be expected, shown in his will, which has just been proved.

To the homes "which I have directed during my life and have loved to the last," he bequeaths one-tenth of his estate—which has been found to be of the gross value of £13,485 5s. 10d., with net personalty of £10,732 8s. 3d.

The remaining nine-tenths he left in trust for his widow, who should out of educate his daughter, Marjorie Ennise, and provide for the Oxford career of his son, Cyril Gordon, and his entry into the Indian Service or the medical profession.

On his widow's death, £1,000 is to go to his son William, an annuity of £100 for life to his daughter Marjorie, and the ultimate residue of the estate to Cyril.

TENPENCE A WEEK INCOME.

Denying that he had any other income, a Hebrew admitted at Shoreditch County Court yesterday that he received two guineas for blowing the Shohab (horn) in the synagogue to announce the opening of the Ark door on the "Day of Atonement."

"That only works out at 10s. a week," he said, and his Honour refused to make an order.

NO MONEY FOR "MAKING LAND."

At yesterday's meeting of the Association of Poor-law Unions it was suggested that the Government should find work for the unemployed by reclaiming land from the sea.

But after a long discussion this proposal was negatived.

ROMANCE OF A FORGED CHEQUE.

Elaborate Plot Alleged Against
Three Men and a Woman.

"MY BONNIE BOY."

Love-letters mingled oddly with allegations of forgery and other offences in a remarkable case which came before a jury at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The charges were made against Talbot Bridgewater, described as a medical specialist, of Oxford-street; Lionel G. Peyton Holmes, W. Edward Shackell, and Elizabeth Foster.

All four deny that they were concerned in forging a cheque for £819, drawn on the account of Mr. Marshall Fox, an American millionaire. Prosecuting counsel, in a speech which lasted over two hours, outlined an elaborate scheme by which, it was alleged, the prisoners sought to secure some of the wealth of the American visitor.

Love Passages.

Bridgewater, said counsel, was the author of this scheme, and to further it he made the acquaintance of Miss Toovey, Mr. Fox's secretary. He appeared to have made an impression on this lady, judging from the following letters which were read in court:—

My own darling.—Many happy returns of the day; kindly accept the enclosed with my love and a kiss. I hope you will like it. Whatever have you been doing with yourself during the last few days (nights)?

The case of whisky arrived, but I was unable to open it for three days. At last I succeeded, and drank your health in a glass of port.—Your tried, constant friend, ELLA.

A second letter said:—

My darling boy,—I was bitterly disappointed that you did not come down, and I hope I did not spoil your holiday. You are the quintessence of kindness and good nature. I hope you will come down some night. I am always here after 10 p.m.

With lots of love, your affectionate pal, ELLA.

In a third letter Miss Toovey wrote:—

My bonnie boy,—Sorry to see you continue so long on the bout. Why don't you make an effort? You know it is only driving nails in your own coffin and injuring your complexion and your health. You are always welcome at "87" when you like to come.

Good-bye, dear; do leave off the whisky.—Yours lovingly, ELLA.

A fourth letter was as follows:—

My darling,—I do not know whether you forgot your appointment with me at the restaurant, but I waited there until 10.15 without seeing you.—Your loving pal, ELLA.

Talk Alleged to Maoh.

It is suggested by the prosecution that Bridgewater used this association to further the perpetration of the crime with which he and the others are charged. Shackell was to forge the cheque, Holmes was to pass it, and the woman Foster was to get the money changed into French money. The plan, according to counsel, was carried out, the cheque cashed at the London Joint Stock Bank in Victoria-street, and within three-quarters of an hour the forgery was discovered.

Some time afterwards, in a nursery last, Holmes was arrested and charged. Bridgewater was called to prove an alibi; twice juries at the sessions disagreed, and finally the police decided to abandon the proceedings without prejudice to a further action.

Ex-Convict Appears.

Matters for a time, therefore, were at a deadlock. Then there appeared on the scene an ex-convict named Charles Fisher. Whilst under arrest on another charge, he told the police about the plan alleged against the present prisoners.

On being liberated from prison, he had gone to Bridgewater, whom he had known for four years, and asked him "if it were not best business to be done." It was then that Bridgewater unfolded the plan. At his suggestion, Fisher went to live at the same house as Miss Toovey, secured an impression of the key of Mr. Fox's safe, a facsimile key was made, and some of Mr. Fox's cheques were stolen.

Everything went well, the cheque was cashed, and the money distributed. Fisher was to assist business-like way among the quartette, Bridgewater being allowed as expenses the sums he had paid in taking Miss Toovey to restaurants and theatres.

The man Fisher was still in the witness-box when the case was adjourned until to-day.

VALUE OF A CRICKETER'S LEG.

In the Sheriff's Court at Manchester yesterday, George Hunt, a local professional cricketer, was awarded £400 damages for the loss of one of his legs in a collision between an omnibus on which he was travelling and an electric car.

CLEVER "BOY BULL."

Described as a Youth of "Great Natural
Aptitude" for Finance.

Having been privileged during the previous two days to look upon and listen to a wonderful example of youthful precocity in Stock Exchange "bulls," King's Bench Court VIII. yesterday advanced to the examination of the more mature article in the person of Mr. Henry Drucker.

Mr. Drucker, the principal defendant in a *Clarkson v. Drucker* and another, has been a member of the Stock Exchange many years. He may be described as a "bull" of long standing, except on the occasions when he has been a "bear."

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., recognised this fully when, with the sang-froid of a fearless toreador, he advanced to attack the seasoned "bull" with cross-examination. He began: "Mr. Drucker, you are a man of great experience and intelligence." And Mr. Drucker said: "Yes."

Mr. Drucker had previously, in reply to questions by his own counsel; Mr. Lawson Walton, given a denial to the allegations of the "boy bull," Mr. Samuel Clarkson. Mr. Drucker said he had not been responsible, through his advice and persuasion, for the loss on the Exchange by the "boy bull" of £33,000.

It was by asking Mr. Drucker's opinion about the "boy bull" that Mr. Isaacs proceeded warily with his onslaught.

Mr. Clarkson, even before he came of age, had a great natural aptitude for Stock Exchange matters, Mr. Drucker declared.

He was, said Mr. Drucker, very independent in his opinions. Mr. Drucker found that the only influence he could exercise over the "boy bull" was a restraining one.

"Did he draw you into his gambling schemes?" asked Mr. Isaacs, sympathetically.

Mr. Isaacs was still playing the part of a toreador when the court adjourned.

MR. MARK ALL, WALKER.

Popular Delusion That He Is Walking for a
"Daily Mirror" Prize.

Announcements have been made in connection with a walking tour of 60,000 miles undertaken by Mr. Mark All, "veteran pedestrian engineer," that he is to receive a prize of £500 from the *Daily Mirror* if he can walk 60,000 miles in seven years.

The *Daily Mirror* has made no such arrangement. It would not pay Mr. Mark All fivepence if he achieved his self-appointed task in half the time. The *Daily Mirror* does not even know Mr. All.

Fleet-street is besieged at all times by long-distance walkers who wish to perambulate under the auspices of newspapers.

The invariable advice given at the *Daily Mirror* office to persons eager to walk round the world is that they walk half-way round and then stop.

MILLIONS LOST BY SMOKE.

Delegates from All Over England To Consider
the Chimney Problem.

Delegates from municipalities all over England will attend a conference, the first of its kind since 1855, to be held in London from December 12 to 18, under the auspices of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society and the Sanitary Institute.

"The smoke evil is not so bad as it was," said Mr. Chubb, the secretary of the society, to the *Daily Mirror*, but it is much worse than it need be. This is especially so in Greater London, the County Council having done much to lessen the nuisance in London proper.

"Factories are not the only offenders, the kitchen chimney can smoke as much as it likes, and the householder cannot be punished.

"The smoke evil can be cured in two ways—by the adoption of better grates or by the use of smokeless fuel (anthracite), gas, or electricity."

"All the beautiful white buildings just erected in the Strand and Aldwych and elsewhere will in a few years be as black as a bat. It has been estimated that smoke causes an annual loss of £5,000,000 to London."

EXPERT MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Asked at Shoreditch County Court yesterday how much he could pay on a judgment summons, a defendant said: "About a farthing a month."

The judge said: Pay 5s. a month.—Defendant (sadly): That makes 20.

SHILLING DAMAGES FOR FOOTBALLER

One shilling as damages was awarded to Quinn, of the Celtic Football Club, against the "Glasgow Evening News," at Glasgow yesterday.

The newspaper stated that Quinn savagely kicked an opponent in a certain match. The Sheriff held that Quinn did kick the other, but not in the manner stated, in the report, which was too grave.

TATTOOED BLUSHES.

Dainty Tints Indebly Imprinted on
Ladies' Cheeks.

WILL LAST TO THE GRAVE.

Life is short, but art is long; so there are ladies in London society to-day who will carry their blushes to the grave.

Mr. Burchett, the tattooing artist, who claims to have been the first man to imprint an indelible blush on a lady's face, is busier than ever he was before. Ladies who cannot wait for the tattoo artist to make his morning call, drive up to his little shop on the south side of the Thames, hung with quaint designs, and insist upon the electric tattoo-needle being applied to their cheeks without delay.

Any portion of the cheek can be made to blush. A slight touch of colour in the centre of the cheek, or a delicate rose glow suffusing the whole face may be obtained at desire.

Although it is painless to apply, the blush once fixed cannot be removed. Occasionally the tattoo artist, with infinite trouble, takes away a single spot, but the operation of removing a whole blush would be so long and costly that few would care to risk it.

Seven Colours at Command.

Some ladies are carrying the tattoo fade to greater lengths. Upon one daring Frenchwoman's shoulder a butterfly was tattooed the other day.

Having now seven colours at his command the tattooer is able to reproduce the latest picture postcard or theatrical poster.

Among the Argyll and Sutherlandshire Highlanders who shivered on the Embankment waiting for the King of Greece on Wednesday, it was noticeable that almost every other man was tattooed on the leg between the stocking and the kilt. Most of the men affected the portraits of their "best girls," but one or two had a bleeding dagger apparently thrust through their flesh, a sinister, but favourite, device with Highlanders of all clans.

"LATCHKEY" VOTES.

2,600 Disfranchised Men Once Again Free
and Independent Voters.

About 2,600 persons in Devonport are becoming bewildered by the varying decisions given in the Law Courts as to whether or not they are entitled to vote.

They live in rooms, which they rent unfurnished, in premises in which their landlords also reside. It was contended at the recent revision court that a man residing in the same house as his landlord is a lodger, not an independent occupier; and that in consequence their names should be struck off the occupiers' list.

The Revising Barrister rejected this argument, holding that the men were entitled to votes. Then the case was brought to the Divisional Court, where it was held that the men were not entitled to votes.

The case came up yesterday in the Court of Appeal, and the most recent decision was reversed, and the 2,600 may again pride themselves upon being among the "free and independent" electors.

£33,000 INVOLVED.

Four Men Accused of Complicity in Alleged
"Long-Firm" Frauds.

It took Mr. Mathews, K.C., nearly three hours at the Old Bailey yesterday to lay before the Recorder the circumstances under which George T. Webber, ironmonger, of Putney, Richard T. Rosenberg, William Leslie, and Alice Frances Cheeseman, are charged with a "long-firm" swindle, involving, it is said, £33,000. They plead not guilty.

The case for the Treasury was that Leslie, representing that he was an agent for Webber, went to various firms and said that the latter had the sole contract for an electrical display at the Fulham Theatre.

He ordered thousands of sparking plugs, which could only be obtained from the Electrical Accessories Company. The firms gave orders to that concern accordingly, and acknowledgment of their delivery to Webber being received, the company was paid by the firms.

It was alleged that the Electrical Accessories Company was composed of the prisoners.

When Leslie and Cheeseman were arrested in Wales, they had £6,000 in gold, £320 in notes, and £1,500 in jewellery. The case was adjourned.

BLACKMAIL CHARGE FAILS.

On the charge of demanding £200 by menaces from Mrs. Lewis, of Bockley, Henry Phillips, an elderly man living at Greenwich, appeared at the Old Bailey yesterday.

After some consideration the jury failed to agree and were discharged.

NO CHEAP MOTOR-CARS.

Many New Ideas at Olympia, but
Prices Rule High.

Over 180,000 square feet of motor-cars now popular Olympia—cars, wagons, and accessories to the value of nearly £400,000.

All is in readiness, in fact, for the ceremony which to-day will open the largest motor-show the world has ever seen.

Never was there such a rush for the 300 stands which have been erected. So great was it, indeed, that three ballots had to take place before the stands could be allotted, and even then many would-be exhibitors had to remain unsatisfied.

Over £49,000 has been paid for the rent of the different stands.

The show has many novelties. The motor ambulance-wagon, ordered by the War Office, and intended to accommodate six patients and a nurse is one of them. The Simms pneumatic buffer which, when placed in front of each of the fore-wheels of a car, will save the man who is too fond of running into brick walls, is another of them.

Then there is the motor-hansom—the first of its kind—which has been built by the Vauxhall Company, and which will soon be seen on the London streets.

Among other noteworthy exhibits are those of the Spyker car, the famous White steam car, the Singer, the F.I.A.T., and the royal Daimler vehicles.

The day of the cheap motor-car is not yet, and such vehicles will not be numerous at the show. The demand for £400 vehicles is too great for it to be worth the while of manufacturers to build small cars.

EARL RUSSELL, "V.G. LANT."

Determined To Prosecute Two Police Constables
on a Charge of Perjury.

To Mr. Garrett, in the South-Western Police Court yesterday, a third application was made in the case of Thomas Scott, who, in May last, was convicted for street betting, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour.

Earl Russell, on behalf of the Police and Public Vigilance Society, applied for process of perjury against the two police-constables who gave evidence in the case.

Mr. Garrett said he could not grant the application. He had already gone very carefully into the case.

Earl Russell: In that case I am instructed to make an application to the High Court.

"IT WILL RUIN ME."

Grave Charge Against a Member of the Westminster City Council.

Described by Mr. Freke Palmer, the solicitor, as a member of the Westminster City Council, George Thomas, builder, of 10, South Molton-street, W., appeared before the Marlborough-street magistrate yesterday in the company of Frederick Woodhouse, a carman.

Woodhouse is accused of stealing goods from his employers, Messrs. John Bolding and Sons, Davis-street, Oxford-street, and selling them to Thomas, who, so Woodhouse stated on arrest, gave him half the value of the things.

When Thomas was arrested he said: "It's quite right. I place myself entirely in your hands. It is the first time I have done anything wrong. I have a wife and three children, and it will ruin me." A remand was granted.

SEARCHED FOUR YEARS.

Mother Comes from Poland to Testify Against
Italian Accused of Child Stealing.

When Francisco Rinaldo was charged some weeks ago with taking the child of Rachel Bootke out of the lawful care of her parents, the case was adjourned because Mrs. Bootke could not be found.

Since then she has been discovered at Lodi, in Russia, and she yesterday appeared at the Thames Police Court.

Rinaldo, she said, used to lodge with her in Whitechapel, and was fond of the child. He disappeared with the little one in February, 1901, and she had been searching for her ever since. Two years ago she went to Russia. The case was adjourned.

INVITATION FOR ADMIRAL TOGO.

"If gallant Admiral Togo visits England next year and brings some of his men to London we should esteem it an honour to place our premises at his disposal."

This statement was made yesterday at a luncheon given in connection with the extension of the Eccleston-street Soldiers' and Sailors' Home by the chairman of the trustees.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Russia Was the Stock Exchange Nightmare Yesterday.

BREWERY AMALGAMATION

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Russia is the Stock Exchange man's nightmare nowadays. This morning the political news from that quarter gave the Stock Exchange a fit of the blues at the opening. The dealers read all the brokers as sellers, and marked down the prices all round.

There were, of course, a few speculators closing their commitments, but apparently there were a good many buyers waiting for the market to recover. Consols, for instance, were got down to 88½, but that was the most that could be squeezed, and they showed a tendency to recover at the close, being helped by a good Bank Return.

The Bank Return was an excellent one, showing a heavy return of money from the country, and as the Bank rate was unaltered, and American money news was read more satisfactorily, there was nothing from Lombard-street way to upset the Stock Exchange.

SMALL INVESTOR IN HOME RAILS.

Home Rails were an extraordinary market. Yesterday's profit-taking was continued at the opening. They banged some of the prices down to quite good fractions below yesterday's close. Then there was a change for the better. The markets pulled themselves together, for the small investor but it is obstinately picking up stock which he thinks cheap, and is encouraged by the wonderfully good traffic, and believes that trade revival means better dividends.

It is amusing, considering how a little while ago nobody had a good word to say for Home Rails. Even the ultra-cautious are now beginning to ask whether it is not probable that the traffic improvement will continue. It takes some people about six months to see the happenings before their eyes.

Allsopps and Ind Coopers are to be amalgamated if the present negotiations go through. Two lame ducks to make a sound one, let us hope. But we live in an age of amalgamation, and even when there is no basis for amalgamation stories the Stock Exchange is not backward in starting them. Today we had an example.

LOST PROFITS IN CHINESE GAMBLE.

The Anglo-American Telegraph Company was to be amalgamated with another concern. Of course, the rumour was denied officially. It just shows how a little buying, in this case due to the dividend prospects on the deferred, can cause the rumour-mongers to exert their wits. The Chinese gamble has gone the way of most gambles, and belated "bulls" of Pekin Syndicates ruefully regard the price at 18, and mourn the lost profits.

We can dismiss other than Home Rails in a few words. Americans, offered at first, picked up later, Canadian Rails were dull. Argentine Rails were also dull, though in this case the reports of rain damage to the crops were denied. The truth is that the strength of Home Rails seems to have taken the speculative steam out of Foreign Rails.

They are busy preparing for the Japanese loan. Interested buying of Japanese bonds, reinforced by public demand, keeps the whole group very strong, and they are actually dealing in the new loan at 14 premium. Russians were in parlous plight, falling to 86½ on the bad political news. Still, 86½ is above "panic" prices of this year and last.

FOREIGN BOURSES KEEP UP PRICES.

On the whole the Foreign Bourses took the Russian news fairly well, and kept up the prices of their stocks. Copper shares were good, for the fortnightly statistics of the metal show considerable improvement in the intrinsic position from the "bull" point of view, stocks being down 312 tons further, but the amount in sight has been increased by 413 tons.

Kaffirs are perhaps a little steadier. The second reading of the Chartered report was not liked yesterday, but the market seems to be getting over it now. Another Banket cablegram helped Bankets to reach 4½. Westralians are heavy, the bad news from the Banket's Birthday Gift not being liked. West Africans keep fairly satisfactory.

Of the recent gambles, Boston Coppers have hardened to 4-1-16, and Espaneras are firm, but the Utah Development gambles seem to have petered out, and Spassky Coppers are, of course, very flat on the Russian news.

MARIE CORELLI

contributes "Old-Fashioned Fidelity," a Love Story of Long Ago, to the ENLARGED XMAS

"LONDON" MAGAZINE.

Now on Sale.

Price 6d.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

King Edward won the first, second, and third prize for shorthorns, the first prize for Southdowns, special prize for shearing wethers, and the best pen of sheep, at Norwich Cattle Show yesterday. The Queen won a first prize for bantams.

Lord Montagu de Beaulieu gave evidence yesterday before the Royal Commission on Motor-cars.

What is said to be the finest statue of Queen Victoria in the country is to be unveiled at Leeds on November 27.

There is need of a town intelligence department, says the Mayor of Swansea, and the man appointed should watch all public movements likely to benefit the town and attract visitors.

Without the slightest warning the fronts of three houses in Vienna-road, Bernersley, fell into the street yesterday. Fortunately the other walls remained standing, and no one was hurt.

It was officially notified yesterday that in future the royal salute will be fired from authorised saluting stations on November 9 every year, as well as on the date fixed for the official celebration of the King's birthday.

Although the business done (£221,103) had been practically the same this year as last, said the chairman of the Frederick Hotels, Ltd., yesterday, the receipts would have been better generally but for the well-known fact that the money spent on wines and spirits had materially decreased.

Defalcations amounting to upwards of £20,000 were discovered in connection with twelve societies during the past year, says the report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies on building societies issued yesterday.

Accused of embezzlement, but found guilty of defacing and altering a public document, Quarter-master-sergeant King of the Royal Engineers, stationed at Jersey, was yesterday reduced to the ranks by court-martial.

Saffron Walden (Essex) Conservative Association, in accepting yesterday the resignation of Mr. H. T. van Laun, their candidate for the division, stated they will announce the name of the new candidate in a few days.

Driving through High-street, Wanstead, yesterday, a farmer discovered a fox hiding in his cart. Keynard escaped, and an exciting chase followed in which many pedestrians joined. Eventually the animal was caught alive.

Pleading guilty of committing perjury in the High Courts in an action before Mr. Justice Buckley, William Thomas Taylor, engineer, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the second division at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Two schooners—the Amaranth, of Padstow, and the James and Agnes, of Lancaster—collided and sank in Mount's Bay. The crews of both vessels took to their boats, and were rescued by a passing vessel, which landed them at Penzance yesterday.

ENGLISH FLEET'S VISIT TO UNITED STATES.



On the left is Sir Mortimer Durand, the English Ambassador; on the right Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is in command of the British Fleet now visiting America. It is the first time that an English Admiral has paid an official visit to Washington.—(Stereograph, copyright 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

Recruiting returns just compiled show that more than fifty-five per cent. of the men attested are discharged within three months, chiefly on medical grounds.

The Honister Pass, Cumberland, had been considered impracticable to wheeled vehicles of any kind until Mr. Julian Orde, in mistaking the road, drove his motor-car over it the other day.

Asked to write a description of a tramcar, a London schoolboy wrote, says the "L.C.C. Gazette," that "they are made of tin or other minerals, and run all over England, such as Streatham and Brixton-road."

Exciting scenes were witnessed at a fire at a large tenement house in Caroline-street, Chelsea, yesterday. All the sleeping inmates were got out safely except a man named Wilson. He was nearly suffocated, but revived at the hospital.

Five tons of molten metal suddenly "heaved" up to the roof of the Inthiborough Ironworks, near Wellingborough (Northants) Station yesterday, forming a cascade. Two men were severely burnt and were removed to the hospital.

Approving Earl Roberts's warning to the nation, a resolution was passed by the Belfast Chamber of Commerce yesterday urging the Government to provide an army sufficiently powerful to defend the United Kingdom against invasion and repel aggression on the distant frontiers of the Empire.

Notices have been issued by the London and North-Western Railway Company for new lines from the Monmouth branch to the Rhymney railway near Caerphilly.

After giving judgment for the defendant in a case at Marylebone County Court yesterday, Sir William Selge reconsidered his verdict and awarded plaintiffs half the amount claimed.

Out of 38,983 passengers who left the United Kingdom last month for places out of Europe, 23,857 were of British or Irish origin, while during the same period 14,281 aliens arrived from the Continent.

With a view to obtaining assistance from the imperial exchequer towards the cost of sea defence works, a conference of authorities whose districts are on the seaboard is being called by the Herne Bay Urban Council.

Newcastle Corporation tramway employees decided at a mass meeting yesterday to cease work at twelve o'clock to-night unless the notice reducing the working days from twelve to eleven a fortnight be withdrawn.

"A Dutch Wooing," by E. J. Margesson, which is being sung with such success by the Follies, will be included in many of this year's pantomimes. The song has just been published in the famous sixpenny edition of the Willis Music Co., of 8, Newman-street, London, W., and is on sale at all music-sellers.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.

Charles Dickens' OLIVER TWIST. Dramatised by J. Canyns Carr.

Fagin Mr. TREE.
Nancy Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. SPECIAL THURSDAY MATINEE. THURSDAY, November 30, at 2.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. Mr. Stockman Mr. TREE.
Mrs. Stockman Miss ROSINA FILIPPI.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) Open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

NIGHTLY, 8.45. MAT. WEDS. AND SATS. at 2.30.
THE PERPETRATOR. BY H. H. WALLER.
8.15, a farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Penn.
THE TEMPTATION OF SAMUEL BURGE.

NEW THEATRE.—CHARLES WYNDHAM. To-night at 9. Matinee, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
CAPTAIN BRYAN LEAVE. BY H. H. WALLER.
CHARLES WYNDHAM. BY H. H. WALLER.
Presented at 8.30 by "The American Widow."

ST. JAMES'S. MR. AND MRS. KENDAL. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. George Alexander.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE
A Farce by Metcalfe Wood and Beatrice Horner-Maxwell.
MATINEE TO-MORROW AND EVERY SATURDAY, 2.30.

SHATESBURY.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Thomas W. Ryley. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45.
MR. ARTHUR BOWEN'S COMEDY, THE WALLS OF JERICHO. BY ARTHUR BOWEN. AT 8.15, MR. HENRI DE VRIES, in "The Factory Girl." MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.30.

WALDORE THEATRE.—"LIGHTS OUT." Lessee, the Moore, Shabert.

EVERY EVENING, at 9. LIGHTS OUT.
H. V. ESMOND. CHARLES FULTON.
HENRY VIBART. DAWSON MILWARD.

Preceded at 8.30 by LA MAIN, a Mimetism in One Act.
Miss CAMILLA DALBERG.

MATINEE TO-MORROW AND Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
Box Office open ten to ten. Tel. 3830 Gerrard.

COLISEUM. CHARGING-CROSS. PROGRAMME 3 to 5 p.m. and 9 to 11 p.m.

Mrs. Bernard Berne, Mamma Alice Day, Made Lesing, Emma Stratton, Victoria Monks, Carl Herla, Lorch Family, Vasilien Troop, Zeestons Dogs, The Saxons Choir, Musical Songs, and Grand Orchestra. Last Performances of the Grand Military Tattoo.

PHOTOGRAPHY at 8 p.m. only.
"JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS." "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "The Maid of the Moor." The Banterias, The Automaton, Desuda and Green, Bell and Henry, Animated Pictures, Choir, Musical Songs, and Orchestra. Last Performances of the Grand Military Tattoo.

COLISEUM.—Prices, 6d. and 1s. (Tel. 7699 Ger.); 2s. to 2gs. (Tel. 7699 Ger.). All seats may be booked in advance.

LONDON HIPPODROME. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

"SAWADEE," DIANE DE PORTENY, FOUR LECURSON'S MARZELLA'S BIRDS, THE SLEDDERS, SISTERS WARWICK, KRAMER TROUPE, THE TROUSERS, POLLOS, RIGGOLD FAMILY, CORTY BROS., SPRING AND SPRING, Miss ANNETTE KELLERMAN, etc.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "HENGELER'S." ROYAL CIRCUS. W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone, 4139. Ger. Jumbo Junior. Society's latest pet. "At Home" daily.

MASKELYNE AND DEVAUT'S MYSTERIES. (late Maskelyne and Cooke), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE. DAILY, at 2 and 8. First appearance of M. Tamarillo, the Japanese Blondin on a perpendicular rope. Extraneous success of "Mancos" and "Enchanted River," etc.—Prices, 4s. to 5s.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W. TO-DAY at 3. DAILY at 3.

WEST'S GRAND ANIMATOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT. OUR NAVY AND OUR ARMY.

MAGNIFICENT NEW PROGRAMME. Our Navy 100 years ago and present. Our Army past and present.

Seats 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s., booked at Polytechnic and Agents.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BROOKSTEIN Piano, excellent tone, perfect condition; great bargain.—11, Park-st., W.

BELL Canadian Organs, Piano-players, Pianos, and Auto-pneumatic Organs; for cash or easy payments, Canada's best instruments.—125, Tottenham-road, Tottenham, and Organ Company, Limited, 49, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C.

COTAGE Piano, Collard; £7 15s.; easy terms.—Payne, 103, Approach-road, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

Musical Instruments, all kinds cash or instalments; Illustrated catalogue free.—Tells Camera Co., Dept. 40, 110, Shaftesbury-av., London, W.

Musical Instruments and Talking Machines.—Delivery on small deposit; 15s. weekly; accords from 7s. 6d. concertinas from 5s. 6d.; organettes from 25s.; auto-harp from 5s.; banjos, mandolines, and violins from 10s. 6d.; illustrated catalogue sent free.—Write Dept. 115, Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

NATHANIEL Berry's Pianos have a wide reputation; 20 years' warranty with each instrument; overstrung Pianos from 10s. 6d. per month; open until 9.—Send for illustrated list.

PHONOGRAPHS, Gramophones, and records, cash or weekly or monthly payments; all makes; Eclipse Phonograph, 10s. 6d.; a perfect record; catalogue sent free.—Tells Camera Co., Dept. 13, 110, Shaftesbury-av., London, W.

PIANO; good condition; £8; easy terms.—102, Church-st., Acton, W.

PIANO, £22 2s.; good tone.—Young's, 219, Victoria Park-road, N.E.

PIANO-FORTE.—A great bargain, in handsome mahogany cabinet, very sweet tone, fitted with iron frame, check action, and every latest improvement; guaranteed; offered under the hire system for 10s. 6d. per month; will send for 3 months' free trial without payment.—Godfrey, 31, Finsbury-st., London, E.

PIANO-FORTE.—Lady wishes to sell privately her magnificent upright grand drawing-room Piano; fitted with check repeat action, exquisite tone, and every latest improvement; original price 50gs.; makers' 20 years' warranty transferred; take 16gs.; approved 7 clear days' arrears paid both ways if not approved.—G. 231, Burdett-road, Bow, London, E.

PIANO-FORTE, magnificent full compass, upright iron frame, by Strauss and Co. from excellent stock. Catalogue: 21s. 15s.; bargain—501, Green-lane, Harringay.

35 Guineas; pianoforte, "Duchess" model (list price 50 guineas), by D'Almeida (established 120 years); solid iron frame, upright grand, full compass, full trichord, celeste to use only six months; sent on approval, carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.—D'Almeida and Co., 120, Regent-st., 31, Finsbury-pavement, City. Open till 9, Saturdays.

"DAILY MAIL."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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LONDON, E.C.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1905.

WHY DO THE GERMANS RAGE?

A LETTER received in England a few days ago from a German professor asks the astonishing question, "Is this coming war between England and Germany unavoidable?"

English people who do not see the German papers regularly—probably never see them—open their eyes in blank amazement at such a question. "Coming war? Utter nonsense," they say. "What can have put that into his head?"

The answer is easy enough. The German papers have put it into his head. They are carrying on a bitter anti-English campaign. They are doing everything they can to stir up hatred, envy, and malice, and to inflame the minds of their readers against us.

We reproduce on this page a typical specimen of the reviling poured upon us by the German comic papers. It is taken from "Lustige Blätter," an old-established weekly with a large circulation, which has just seen fit to publish a special number entitled "The English Peril," full of insulting pictures and jokes, holding us up to contempt and ridicule. Some of the other pictures in this number were:—

An Englishman, with France, Japan, Italy, and Portugal as girls fawning upon him, and Germany as another girl standing apart. This was headed, "You can buy everything but love."

Blücher "winning the Battle of Waterloo" (72) with this underneath it, "Even the famous English victories in war were made in Germany."

Englishmen abroad robbing the Egyptians, making the Indian rajahs hand over their treasures, stealing the Boers' farms and ostriches, grabbing all they can in the Far East.

A double picture, one half showing England as the conqueror of Napoleon, the common enemy of Europe, in 1805, at Trafalgar; the other making out England to be herself the common enemy of Europe in 1905.

Now, ridicule we English do not mind. We make fun of others, and we are quite ready to laugh at a joke against ourselves. But this is not mere ridicule. It is a serious attempt to make the German people despise and detest us.

Do we find any such campaign against Germany in the British Press? Nothing of the kind. Our only anti-German publications are the "National Review" and the "Spectator," which are read solely by educated people, and therefore have little influence upon the public mind. The man in the street has probably never heard of them. He has no more desire to fight Germany than to colonise the moon.

The notion of this German professor, that war between England and Germany is coming, is certainly not a notion which finds any support in this country. Nothing is further from our minds. It is simply a creation of the German Press.

Then the question arises: Is the German Press doing this devil's work upon its own responsibility, or has an order gone forth from high quarters that the British Lion's tail shall be given a good twist? We know how the German papers in the past have done dirty jobs of this kind at the bidding of Germany's rulers. Is the same machinery at work now?

If not, let the Kaiser publicly declare that the anti-English campaign is both distasteful to himself and dangerous to peace. That would have a good effect in calming minds such as that of our alarmed professor.

All we private people can do is to lose no opportunity of informing Germans that we no more want war than we want to find a tiger on our doorstep when we get home to-night. The Germans living in England ought to tell all their friends in Germany the same thing. It is absolutely and entirely the truth.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

All noble work is gradual. There is no principle more universal than this—that in proportion to the nobility of anything, it is long in reaching its perfection.—*Stogford Brooke.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Charlotte Corday of the actual risings in Russia and Poland would appear to be the famous Vera Sassulitch, who is said to have presided over the Central Labour Committee, which is organising the last political strike as a protest against the Polish policy of the Government. Vera Sassulitch tried to play Charlotte Corday's part twenty-seven years ago. Her father was an officer in a line regiment, and she was only twenty-six. She heard one day of a trait in the prolonged brutality of General Treppoff's rule—heard that he had flogged a prisoner with birch twigs simply for not saluting him.

Vera became inflamed with the "fixed idea" of vengeance. In February, 1878, she gained admission to General Treppoff's office by pretending to have a petition to present to him. As soon as she was shown in she drew a revolver, with almost business-like calm, and fired it at him. He was

On the last occasion, when he spoke there, he said, indeed, that he has really been president too long.

Whereupon, of course, a great cry of "No, no," arose from the Sunday Leaguers. "Ah!" said Sir William. "That settles it, as a prisoner said to me the other day when I sentenced him to fourteen days. I will remain." And in explanation of this remark about the prisoner, he said that he had asked that gentleman why he had said "That settles it" when sentenced. The man replied that he and his wife had had a quarrel as to whether they should spend their holiday at Southend or Margate. "Now I am going to spend it at Holloway, and so that settles it."

A comic little side-issue of that epistolary argument about the proper method of rearing pheasants, which has been going on in the "Times" between the Duke of Grafton and Lord Granby, has been the mistake made by the former about Mr. Alington's book on pheasants. Mr. Alington publishes his book; the Duke takes exception to certain of

"MADE IN GERMANY": A GERMAN VIEW.

The "Lustige Blätter," one of the most widely-circulated German comic papers, has just published a special anti-English number. Here is a series of pictures intended to show that the English rely upon Germany for almost all the necessities and pleasures of life. The Englishman is shown taking advantage of:—



German Bread.

German Sausage.

German Beer.



German Pictures.

German Opera.

German Guide-Books.



German Barbers and Hairdressers.

German Tooth-Powder and Blacking.

But the Englishman's insolence is all his own.

seriously wounded, not killed. And she? Well, it is a sufficient comment upon Treppoff's unpopularity at that time to say that, although she pleaded guilty at her trial, Vera Sassulitch was enthusiastically acquitted, and drove away from the court amidst a storm of cheering in the streets.

The new Lord Mayor of London has only just entered upon his duties, but as the season for mayors, like that for roses, is fleeting, it is already prophesied that the next occupant of the position is to be Sir William Treloar, who, for that reason, has, it is said, refused to accept any nomination as a parliamentary candidate. Sir William would certainly be one of the most popular, as well as the most decorative, Lord Mayors we have ever had. It is he who distributes hundreds of Christmas hampers every year to the poor crippled children of London.

He has always been remarkable for his good looks, and the late Queen, when she saw him for the first time as a member of some deputation which was to Windsor, asked to be told the name of "that very handsome man over there." Sir William is a good speaker. He has presided over the "Sunday League" for some years, and manages, every year, to make that respectable society roar with laughter after its annual dinner.

the statements contained in it, and says that he warned Mr. Alington about them. Next day appears a letter from Mr. Alington denying that he has ever heard from the Duke of Grafton in his life. What an original mystery is here.

Yesterday the Duke dissipated the mystery by writing to the "Times" to say that he had made a mistake in declaring that he had "acquainted Mr. Alington with his views." "Now I remember," he adds, "that, although I had arranged to do so, I changed my mind, deciding that it did not signify, and probably would not be seen by many." That reminds one of what was once defined as the Oxford point of view—"there is nothing true and nothing new, and it does not really matter."

To meet the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Sidney Brooks entertained several leading representatives of the English and American Press and others at a luncheon in the Savoy Restaurant on Wednesday. Amongst those present were: Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., Right Hon. Arthur Cohen, K.G., Sir Douglas Straight, Major Benson, Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., Major Cockrell, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mr. J. A. Spender, Mr. Fabian Ware, Mr. R. Donald, Mr. Moberley Bell, Mr. R. Chamberlain, Mr. J. N. Ford, Mr. Fletcher Robinson, Mr. G. Leveson-Gower.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

HELP THE STARVING JAPANESE.

The account in the *Daily Mirror* of the misery and distress in Japan occasioned by the famine through the failure of the rice crops must touch the hearts of thousands of our readers.

Could not something be done to help the starving peasants? If a subscription list is opened, I shall be pleased to contribute. ALFRED HAMMESLEY, 45, Southey-street, Nottingham.

[Has our correspondent yet contributed to the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed? Charity should begin at home.—Ed. "D. M."]

WHEN MUST WE CALL OURSELVES OLD?

The other day a correspondent began a letter to you thus: "I am an old man. I am sixty-four."

Now, this seems to me absurd as a general assertion. For myself, I am just sixty-four, and don't feel a day more than fifty, nor do I look a day more, so my friends say.

The fact is, the summer and winter of age are in the heart. If you don't feel old, you don't look old as a rule. The secret lies in cold water, regular habits, exercise, and close association with young folk; this keeps you young at heart.

Karsfeld, Torquay. F. B. DOVETON.

DEATH IN THE CISTERN.

Some few years back, at the opening by Lord Rosebery of the Shoreditch Municipal Dwellings, I had an opportunity, in company with his lordship, and a large gathering, of viewing a specimen of the twenty cisterns now storing water in the council dwellings.

Those cisterns, invented by the council's chief sanitary inspector (Mr. Hugh Alexander), were automatic self-cleaning, and perfectly enclosed, so that they could not be polluted.

I have learned recently that the cisterns I refer to are being largely recommended by architects. "City Merchant" may, therefore, put himself in possession of a permanently-clean cistern instead of a permanently-dirty one.

Woodside Park.

OBSERVER.

WHY DO WE EAT FOREIGN BACON?

Why not establish a national bacon industry in this country? Our import of pork is very large, and it certainly seems wrong that such a commodity, used as it is by everyone, rich and poor, should be supplied to such an extent from outside.

We could have three or four pig-rearing centres, near to large towns, so that a great saving could be effected by a regular collection of waste food stuffs; and one central bacon-curing and packing works, so that all pork could be salted, etc., at the sub-stations and forwarded to the central station.

This would, if properly worked, find employment for a great number of people, and many waste tracts of land could be made use of in the pig-pens and made to rear root and other crops.

Pellat-grove, Wood Green.

W. DAY.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.

HE has just made a sentimental conquest of America. Wherever he has gone there, in shops, in the streets, on board his flagship, and even at the dentist's, his manner, so frank and yet so diplomatic, has proved an unequivocal success.

It is difficult to realise now that this experienced officer in our Navy was born an Austrian, fifty-one years ago, to Prince Alexander of Hesse at the little town of Gratz.

Then he came over here to become an Englishman. He was naturalised, and began to read Captain Marryat. That was the crisis of his career. He was filled with boy's longing for the sea, and they determined, at the suggestion of Queen Victoria, to make a midshipman of him.

That was in 1859, when he was only in his fifteenth year. To be a "Serene Highness" and to have the principal crowned heads of Europe for your near relations, is not considered a recommendation in the British Navy, and it was some time before Prince Louis could convince his comrades—as well as that extraordinarily critical person vaguely known as the man in the street—that he was a sailor who "meant business."

But by his absolutely unaffected manner and by inventing a system of long-distance signalling, with many other ingenious devices making for efficiency, he has long since won the respect of Sir John Fisher, who called him "my best captain"; the Directorship of Naval Intelligence; the command of the Cruiser Squadron; and the admiration of the whole of America.

IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 16.—We should always be improving our gardens. As this is the season when alterations are best accomplished, it may be well to consider a few uncommon but pretty garden features.

With a little ingenuity a fountain may be easily erected, and the music of its falling waters will be very welcome during the hot summer days. A small artificial pond can be made the home of many beautiful and interesting plants, as, for instance, the lovely and easily-grown water-lilies.

Then a sundial always gives an old-world air to a prettily-arranged garden, especially if half-hidden by flowering creepers.

E. F. B.

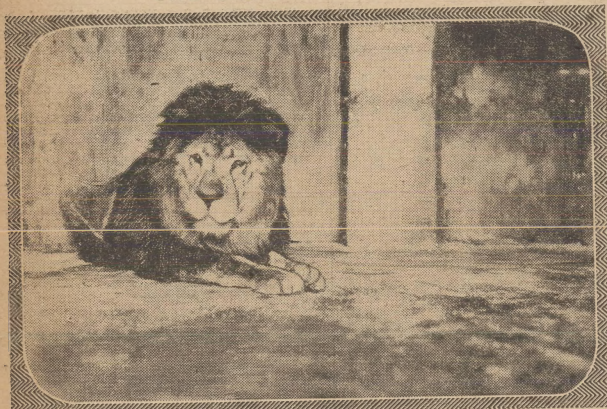
NEWS VIEWS

ROYALTY AT THE WINDSOR BAZAAR.



Princess Christian leaving the bazaar at the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor, which she opened. Her Royal Highness did excellent business at a bookstall which she kept, assisted by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Queen has evinced a great interest in the bazaar, which is in aid of a new organ for the parish church.

THE ZOO'S NEW INMATE,



A fine lion from Northern Nigeria has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens. It is one of the two belonging to the King, which have been deposited there by his Majesty.

FLOWER WHICH HAS BLOOMED FIVE TIMES THIS YEAR.



A magnificent specimen of that exceedingly rare plant, the *cunium augustum*, exhibited at the Royal Botanical Gardens. It is now in bloom for the fifth time this year.

Massacre Pillage & Anarchy

SCENE OF A HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.



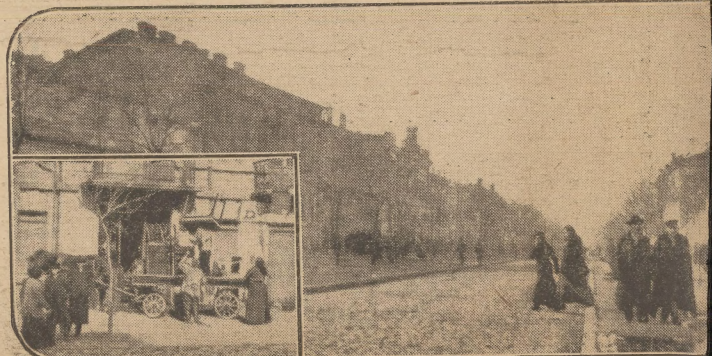
This house in Srednaia-street, Odessa, was set on fire by the mob. Paraffin was poured over a Jewish five. They were then tied to their beds and tables and burned alive.

REVOLUTIONARY STRONGHOLD SACKED.



This house in Maldavanka was fortified and held by fifty-four Jews and students. They were fired on by the mob and troops. The troops obtained the upper hand, and the mob gained an entrance. Forty-five were slain, not a window was left whole, and the street was littered with broken furniture.

A STREET WHICH BECAME A SHAMBLES.



Srednaia-street, Odessa, witnessed the worst massacre in the whole city. Not a single house was left standing. The insert shows the pillaged houses of the Jews; in front is a furniture van loading the remains of those who were fortunate enough to escape death.

archy rampant in Russia.

HOUSE IN WHICH EVERY INMATE WAS SLAIN.



This house in the Jewish quarter of Odessa was riddled with bullets and every inmate killed, in spite of a desperate resistance. Children were locked in wardrobes which were thrown from the top windows.

SCENES OF LOOTING IN ODESSA.



This shop in Dalmitzkaia-street, Odessa, was pillaged and completely wrecked by the infuriated crowds. Nothing was saved, though the inmates were fortunate enough to make good their escape.

CROWD ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE PRISONERS.



A strong guard of soldiers posted round the police-office at Odessa to prevent the crowd, who were demonstrating with red flags, from breaking in and liberating those who had been arrested.

CAMERAGRAPHS

PICCADILLY'S FLOWER GIRLS TO GO.



Owing to the large number of complaints which have been made about the blocking up of the pavement in Piccadilly Circus by the flower girls, it is expected that these familiar features of the place will soon disappear.

CLEANING UP LONDON'S STATUES.



The famous "Winged Mercury" statue, the memorial to Lord Shaftesbury in Piccadilly Circus, is now being thoroughly cleaned and renovated. The photograph shows the cleaners at work.

MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA OPENS TO-DAY.



For some time past the motor-car manufacturers have been hard at work fitting up Olympia for the motor-car show, which opens to-day. The photograph shows the general preparations. It is expected that this show will beat all previous records, as it is being held previous to the great Paris show.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller—in reality Ronald Carstairs, an ex-bank manager, newly released from prison, after serving four years for extensive fraud.

ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.

CLARE MAINWARING, a charming young girl, whom Richard Balshaw loved. She became engaged to Ivor Armytage during Balshaw's supposed absence abroad.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.

AN UNKNOWN LADY.

JOHN FEAR, secretary to Mr. Richard Balshaw, alias Roland Carstairs.

MRS WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.

COLONEL MAPPERLEY, an old Anglo-Indian officer.

CHAPTER XVII. (continued).

Very carefully, as one handling something sacred, Rose King untied the ribbon holding together the letters written by Clare Mainwaring to Richard Balshaw when she believed him a wanderer over the face of the world. It was not the first time since their coming into her possession that Rose had read them.

Here and there were phrases quite capable of being misinterpreted by an unholy imagination. But the wild, undisciplined heart of the woman reading filled in the gaps and read between the lines with a wonderful comprehension. She noted the changed tone, the growing coldness, and the spirit of injured pride creeping into each successive letter. She understood why. The letters had not been answered. She even gathered something of the character of the man to whom they were written.

A man who travelled about the world; a strong man; some years older than the writer.

"She's going to marry another man. He's come back too late."

If he knew I had them, and meant giving them back to the man to whom they were written," she whispered, defiance rather than terror blazing in her eyes, "I believe he would half-kill me. And he'll miss them, soon as he's sober and wants money for drink!"

"If the police knew what I know," she shivered out. "There wouldn't be so much mystery perhaps over the burglary at Postern Abbey. And I thought he was away at the races. I don't say he did it; but he was mixed up with it. There was something packed away in the cellar for two nights."

"I can almost see her," she mused, "from the way she writes! But he's not so clear in my mind—this Mr. Balshaw. Strong, older than she, a gentleman born and bred, with a love of wandering over the world—but why didn't he answer? It was in his hands then. She wanted him to! I know, I can see, that she well-nigh broke her heart when that answers never came. And then he comes back, after four years, and goes to Postern Abbey, where she's staying with the man she's engaged to!"

Clare's letters were dated. At the time of the burglary the names of the guests at Postern Abbey were published in the local papers. Clare's letters were signed, the first one "Clare," the others "Clare Mainwaring." One of the well-informed local papers mentioned the marriage arranged between Clare Mainwaring and the Honourable Ivor Armytage, and the inspired scribe had been unable to resist the temptation of describing it as a "love-match." Aye, forsooth, even as all royal matches are "love-matches." Other facts mentioned in the papers were that the burglar effected an entry through Mr. Balshaw's dressing-room, and that the latter realised that all was not right on missing his watch and chain on his return from posting a letter.

It was after reading all these particulars that Rose, returning home from business, found her father lying dead-drunk in the parlour, beside him a packet of letters that had slipped from his pocket when he rolled off the couch on to the floor, and a rough draft of an unfinished letter that gave her a clue to his intentions. They were summed up in the one word "blackmail." Joshua King, with true instinct realised that the woman who had written the letters would be easier to tackle than the man to whom they were written. The letters were not sufficiently compromising to bring in any large sum of money; but doubtless the young lady would not object to paying ten to twenty pounds for them.

It was Rose's intention to return them to the man to whom they were written before her father emerged from his debauch and realised his loss. But she knew that she was handling stolen property, and it behoved her to be cautious. If her identity were revealed to this Mr. Balshaw, she might be the means of putting the police on her father's track, though Heaven knew that all her affection and respect for him had been killed long ago, and she ceased to trouble much about his doings.

"I know what I'll do," she mused, finding pen, ink, and paper.

The letter that she wrote was anonymous. She wrote in a backward and forth handwriting, so bold that it might have been a man's, in order to disguise it. The envelope was addressed to Richard Balshaw, Esq.

"This will bring him, I'm thinking," she murmured. "I can't help wondering what sort of

man he is. Maybe these letters are worth more than gold to him. But why didn't you answer them?"

Stripping off her great hat, she donned a neat little toque and a thick veil. When she reached the passage below, heavy snoring greeted her from the parlour. Disgust and shadowy terror played across her white face. She pressed her hands to her bosom and conquered a cough.

As she made her way along Church Gate, her destination the Haymarket, where trams converge and cross and go their several ways, and Leicester felt lost to consciousness, a figure stepped from the shadow of the rails round St. Margaret's Church, and followed. It was Jack Boddicott. The expression on his shiny face was inclined to be sheepish and ashamed. Devotion, particularly in those of limited imagination and sincere but priggish morality, sometimes inspires mean actions.

Reaching the Haymarket, Rose mounted a Stoneygate tram, riding outside, though the night was cold and her cough bad. Boddicott entered the interior of the car, unnoticed.

As the car whizzed past the bank in Gallowtree Gate, the woman stared at the building: her eyes filled with tragic yearning. She sat in the car where Stoughton-lane joins the London Road. Boddicott followed.

"I'm doing it for her sake," he muttered doggedly. "I don't want 'arm to come to her."

A few minutes' walk, and houses yielded to country. Trees on either side, a natural avenue, cast shadows over the road. The wind moaned through the branches, and brown leaves whispered sorrowfully of dead summer and dying autumn.

There was turf on either side of the road, and Jack Boddicott, just keeping the swift-moving shadow in sight, walked on the turf. Whom was she going to meet? Was Shady Lane her destination? For Shady Lane, with its over-reaching and interlacing branches, in summertime a lovers paradise, branched off the road along which Rose King was speeding. But the sadness of autumn was over it now.

Yet when she reached the turning, she halted and stared into the mysterious shadows with a look of wild yearning as memory changed the darkness into the twilight and the soft hush of a summer evening.

She opened her arms as if to take someone to her heart; but they folded on emptiness, and she went her way. Once her cough compelled her to slacken speed.

Boddicott still kept the shadow in sight, more puzzled than ever. Was she bound for the village of Stoughton then?

Presently lights twinkled distantly through trees, and more closely from the lodge at the entrance to the Abbey grounds.

Boddicott halted as Rose turned into the drive. What was taking the lass to Postern Abbey, of all places? Unimaginative, vaguely jealous, and actuated by the best of motives, he waited in a shadow.

"She's coming back," he muttered, under his breath.

He listened jealously to the faint sounds.

"But she's alone!"

A shadow swept past him. But when Rose King reached the entrance to Shady-lane, she turned into the darkness and halted, as if awaiting someone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Egad, sir, you never saw such a spring in your life. The tiger was in the hounds before you could say Jack Robinson; I was underneath the tiger, and the Cocker of Marston under mine. The elephant had gone mad with fright and was careering through the jungle at express speed—"

But at this thrilling point Colonel Mapperley, who was monopolising conversation in the smoking-room, was interrupted by the entrance of a servant who handed a note to Balshaw.

Balshaw read the superscription for a moment; then fixed his cigar between his teeth, and opened the envelope. His forehead puckered as he read, and his expression became thoughtful, and rather hard. The letter was anonymous, and the writer—a man, so Balshaw assumed from the writing—stated that he had something in his possession that Mr. Balshaw might be glad to have returned to him.

Balshaw glanced at the clock, and quitted the room. When he left the Abbey, he carried a considerable sum of money about him. Outside he turned up the collar of his coat, and pulled his cap of coarse tweed over his eyes.

He was experiencing a feeling of intense relief. He believed that the mystery of the missing letters was about to be solved. He had done Mrs. Wilbraham a gross injustice in suspecting her; but had they fallen into her hands, there was no saying to what use she might not have put them. She was more of a puzzle to him than ever.

He laughed a little contemptuously. The writer of the anonymous letter would be waiting for him at a spot in Shady-lane. Money would change hands, and there would be an end of the matter.

The laugh of contempt was for the commonplace scoundrel with whom he would probably be called upon to make terms. In his heart, he quietly thanked God at this prospect of regaining the letters that, skillfully used, might have caused infinite mischief to the woman he loved.

It was just as he turned into Shady-lane that his brain played a trick and conjured up a vision of Rose King.

(To be continued.)

A STRIKING POSTER.

FROM DEATH'S DOOR TO ROBUST HEALTH.

These photographs are of the SAME CHILD taken at an interval of FIVE WEEKS ONLY, during which time its extreme malnutrition was cured by a mixture of milk and Virol.

"TRUTH" ON PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

Writing in a recent issue the Editor of "Truth" says:—

"The other day I received from a correspondent, who possesses a healthy scepticism in regard to the advertised claim of patent foods and nostrums, a specimen of a poster which is to be seen everywhere on the hoardings at the present moment depicting a child before and after taking a course of Virol. I am not altogether surprised at my correspondent entertaining doubts as to the identity of the miserable little scarecrow of the 'before' period with the plump little personage of the 'after,' for to the ordinary eye the points of resemblance are few. However, I am glad for once to be able to assure the sceptical that the poster in question is neither

more nor less than the exact record of indisputable fact. The photographs of the child who is depicted in the poster were taken by the medical superintendent of a London infirmary, under whose charge the youngster came. For reasons obvious to the medical profession, the doctor's name cannot be used for advertising purposes, though I have no doubt the directors of Virol, Limited, would be glad to place any other medical man who desires particulars of the case in communication with him. To-day when quackery is so blatant, it is quite refreshing to discover a bold advertisement which will bear investigation."

A CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

Novels To While Away the Winter Evenings.

"THE FRIENDLY TOWN."

There is no collection of poems and little passages of prose by various authors pleasanter to dip into at home or to take away in one's holiday portmanteau, than "The Open Road," which Mr. E. V. Lucas compiled a few years back. Now he has put us under a fresh obligation by publishing a companion volume, "The Friendly Town" (Methuen, 5s.). The other was all about the joys of the country. This is all about the pleasures of being in town, of sitting by the fire and seeing old friends, and going to the play. I am not sure that it has quite the same charm as the other, but there are lots of good things in it. Anyway, it is certainly a book to buy.

Who was Captain John Smith? Next, next, next. What? Nobody knows? Well, I don't mind admitting that I wasn't very sure myself. But I know all about him now that I have read his life, by Mr. A. G. Bradley, in the "English Men of Action" series (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.). He was a hardy Elizabethan mariner who played a leading part in the colonisation of Virginia and New England between 1606 and 1611. Mr. Bradley tells in a readable way how he fought the Indians, and in the words of his epitaph,

Subdued Kings unto his yoke,
And made those Heathen fly, as wind doth smoke;
And made their land, being of so large a station,
A habitation for our Christian nation.

A fine old fellow who did honour to the great Smith family.

There are many comforting and heart-lifting thoughts put into pleasant verse-forms in Miss Lilian Street's little book of poems, called "Shadow and Gleam" (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d.). The verses about London are particularly good, and the sonnets neatly fashioned as well as rich in ideas.

Mr. Morley Roberts has a distinct talent for writing about "up-to-date" people. He can put down their talk and make us realise them. He can also turn his situations to good dramatic use. He does all these things in "The Idlers" (F. V. White, 6s.), and it is in consequence quite a readable book. It is not the kind of book, though, for young girls to read. The people in it are almost all worthless (which is not surprising in idlers), and some of them are revolting.

In a melodramatic way, "Who Was Lady Thurne?" (John Long, 6s.) is as good as anything I have read of Miss Florence Warden's since "The House on the Marsh." It would spoil sport to give the story away. Enough to say that it concerns a man who marries a second and a worthless wife, believing the first one, a fine character, to be dead; and then meets and falls in love with the first one over again.

Mr. Walter Raymond can tell a country tale attractively at a quiet jog-trot pace which reminds one of R. D. Blackmore. "Jacob and John" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), has the real flavour of old-time rural England in it. It is a book for quiet people who read slowly and always put a marker in their book when they lay it down. You could read it in bed and be sure of getting off into a peaceful sleep, untroubled by wild dreams. There are adventures in it—the hero is carried off by Turks into slavery, for one—but they will not keep anybody awake against their will.

There is one strange omission from "Humorists of the Pencil" (Hurst and Blackett). Mr. J. A. Hammerton does not include in it any of the work of Mr. Haselden, whose cartoons in the *Daily Mirror* have attracted so much attention and added so liberally to the gaiety of the nation. Otherwise the book is pretty complete, and the specimens of the artists' work which are included, make it amusing. Quite a good Christmas present.

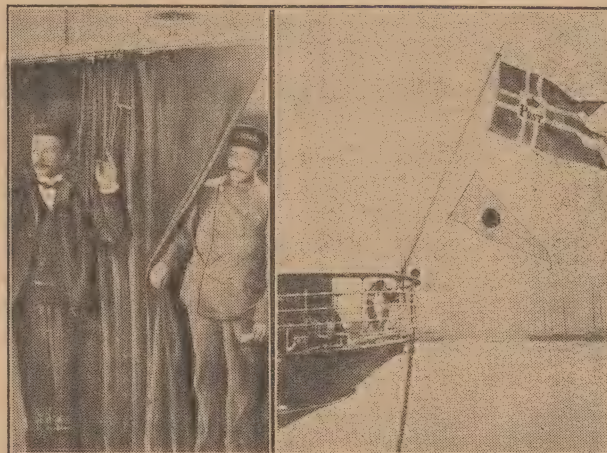
Mr. Hugh Thomson illustrates as prettily as ever, and the new "Esmond" which Macmillan have brought out with his pictures would be a quite delightful book if it were not so heavy. It is much too laborious to hold it in the hand as one reads it. It must go on the table. Mr. Austin Dobson's introduction reminds us how severe the reviewers were when "Esmond" came out for letting the hero marry a woman seven years older than himself. It is curious how one becomes more and more reconciled to that ending as one grows older. The reviewers who pronounced the match "incredible" and "highly objectionable" must all have been very young.

Mr. Sharpe Grew's fourth volume of "War in the Far East" (Virtue, 7s. 6d.) brings the record of the Russo-Japanese struggle down to the end of 1904. It gives a very clear account of the battles in which the Russians were forced back towards their base, and is good reading as well as being valuable for purposes of reference.

ELECTING A KING.



During the past week a plebiscite has been taken in Norway to decide whether the new form of Government shall be Monarchical or Republican. The photograph shows a man registering his vote in a voting room.



On the left is seen an official returning from the secret room, where the votes are enclosed in envelopes. On the right is the Merchant Marine voting in favour of Prince Charles of Denmark.

MR. GUY THORNE,



The author of that successful novel, "When It Was Dark." His latest story, "Made in His Image," starts in the "Daily Mail" to-day. The story deals in a strikingly original manner with the unemployed question. The "Daily Mail" has the unique distinction of starting its serial publication with a Bishop's blessing.

SKIN HEALTH AND SKIN BEAUTY

It is a curious thing that people take so little trouble about their skin. They fail to give proper attention to it, and though they may perhaps notice it is red, rough, and coarse-looking, they still refuse to take steps to improve their skin health, and then at last, when their complexion is practically ruined, they rush off to some quack or so-called beauty specialist, who can do little or nothing to counteract the effects of years of neglect. There would not be a fraction of the illness there is in the world if people always carefully noted the very first signs of ill-health, and immediately anything was at all wrong applied the proper remedy. Suppose for a moment that you are troubled with unpleasant irritation of the skin, or some breaking out, roughness, redness, or chapping of the skin, either on your face, chest, arms, or some other portion of your body, and the question then arises what should you do to put matters right. What you have to do is to secure a supply of "Antexema" immediately, and the moment it is applied any existing irritation will cease, and by following out the "Antexema" treatment, which is explained in our valuable little book on "Skin Troubles," you will soon be well again, and all signs of your former skin trouble will have disappeared. No one need be afraid to use "Antexema." It is non-poisonous, hardly shows on the surface of the skin after it is applied, it quickly heals and cures, and is just as good for babies as for adults.

HAVE YOU A HEALTHY SKIN?

There is no expense and little trouble involved in having a healthy skin, instead of one disfigured by spots or blemishes. If you continue to have the latter it is because you are unwilling to adopt the "Antexema" treatment, which is very simple, but at the same time marvellously successful, and is as good for such serious trouble as eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash as for pimples, blotches, blackheads, chaps, chilblains, and minor forms of skin trouble. It is really extraordinary that anyone should go about feeling uncomfortable or looking unsightly when "Antexema" will completely clear the skin of that which disfigures it. Think for a moment, and you will see how absurd it is to endure skin troubles, from which, by a slight effort, you might be entirely free. Remember also that if your skin is very delicate, sensitive, easily broken, specially liable to chaps or roughness, or if it looks red, coarse, rough, and neglected, that this is the usual starting point of eczema. By applying "Antexema" the moment you notice this appearance you will avoid risks of eczema, a most annoying and unpleasant form of skin illness.

WRITE FOR OUR FAMILY HANDBOOK

"Antexema" is supplied by all chemists and stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. Our family handbook on "Skin Troubles" treats the matter in a scientific and yet perfectly simple way, and should be in the hands of parents and of everyone who values a healthy skin. It shows not only how to cure all skin ailments, but how to stay cured afterwards and have a clear complexion. We offer you a copy, together with a free trial of "Antexema," if you mention the *Daily Mirror*, enclose three penny stamps for postage and package, and write to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W., while this special offer is still open, which will shortly be withdrawn.

FRANKLAND'S SPEEDWELL

28, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C. 1.

THE WORLD'S WONDER.

Our Price 27/6

Usually sold at 50/-

Three-quarter plate capped lever non-magnetic movement, fully jewelled, chronometer atmospheric compensating balance, heavy silver cases, gold hands, solid sunk dial, perfect timekeeper.

Send only 5/-

and your order. Pay the balance 5/- per month.

Clapton, N.E., June 15th, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I was fortunate enough to see your advertisement this week; thinking the initials were the same I turned up an old receipt and found they were. As far back as '92 I had my gold watch of you, and it is going as well as ever now. I have never had anything of anyone else in the same way. Please forward me your latest catalogue. Other testimonials showing the same appreciation can be seen at 28, Ely Place, E.C.

EDWARD J. FRANKLAND & CO.

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An interesting Booklet dealing with modern advertising will be sent free on application, to every advertiser who encloses his business card and mentions this paper—Address THE IMPERIAL NEWS AGENCY (Advertising Experts), 2 and 4, Tudor-street, London, E.C. 4.

LINEEL LINIMENT

The 5-Minutes Pain Cure

is a solution of inorganic salts, which Professor Loeb discovered acts electrically on the tissues of the body.

IT INVARIABLY CURES IN A FEW MINUTES

Rheumatism, Headache, Sprains, Stiffness, Cuts, Colic, in a few applications to throat and chest.
Neuralgia, Faciæ, Bruises, Child's ailments, Sores, Gums, Skin eruptions and inflammation, etc., will take away pain and heal the wounds.
Toothache, Encephalitis, Venous catarrhs by Rheumatism, Stomach and bowels, etc., will take away pain and heal the wounds.

Dr. Gordon Stables writes: "It should be in every household."

These by no means exhaust the curative effects of this valuable discovery. Instructions accompany each bottle, 1/11 and 2/6 a bottle. Try it, and if not effective we will return your money. J. B. Davis & Co., London.

GRANDEST QUILT OFFER EVER MADE TO OUR READERS.

MORE THAN 50% UNDER PRICE.
RAPID RISE IN THE MARKET.



6/6

(21. for carriage).

We anticipated the present enormous advance in the prices of raw material used in the manufacture of these beautiful goods and purchased a large quantity in order that our customers should not be inconvenienced, and now as a huge advertisement we are offering a limited number at the

6/6 ABSURDLY LOW PRICE OF 6/6
SIX SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE

We strongly advise every reader desirous of obtaining one of these astounding bargains to **SEND REMITTANCE TO-DAY**—don't delay—tomorrow may be too late, as it will be impossible to replace this line. If however all are disposed of we guarantee

TO RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

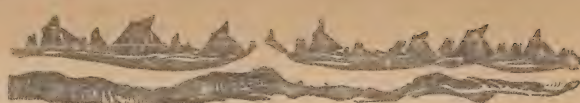
Nothing can be fairer. Satisfaction is assured you, because you could not possibly purchase the same quality in any London warehouse or shop.

Under at least Fifteen Shillings.

DESCRIPTION These quilts are filled with a beautiful warren—resembling DOWN. Full size. Handsome centre medallion. Thick but not heavy. The Down being carefully selected, having the highest for the preservation of health. We only want you to **EXAMINE IT**. If you are not satisfied we shall only be too glad to buy them back at the same price and **FREE CARRIAGE BOTH WAYS**.

Valuable Free Gift. The above Quilt is bargain enough by itself, but to induce our customers to talk about us and introduce our beautiful Book of Bargains, entitled "My Lady's Wardrobe," which will shortly be ready. We offer to give **FREE** to every purchaser a superb Saffron and Citrus covered **TEA COZY**, as sold by many firms at 2/6. Send remittance of 6/6 and 9d. postage **TO-DAY**.

JASON BROS., 39 Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.



IS the little man bothered with his teeth? Are the days and nights wretched for the child, and just as wretched (because so anxious) for the mother? Well; that is easily put right. Give **SCOTT'S EMULSION** and teething loses all its terrors, anxieties, pains. Scott's quickly quiets the little sufferer by giving tone and strength to the entire body. Scott's is made of the purest medicinal cod liver oil blended with the valuable hypophosphites of lime and soda and made especially good for babies by the original, unique Scott process which, while completely removing the nastiness and indigestibility of the old-fashioned oil, makes it many times more nourishing. Scott's supplies just those minute mineral properties which are so necessary if the teeth are to come through white and straight and strong.

3 Seymour Terrace, Anerley. 4th May, 1905. "As soon as my little boy began teething he fell away and got very flabby and irritable. He also had a nasty cough which

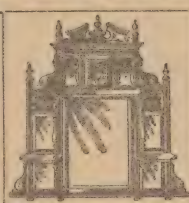


kept him awake at night. We gave him Scott's Emulsion. Now he is cutting his teeth very easily and has grown into a particularly fine child for his age." E. M. Cox. If you doubt that your baby will like Scott's, send for a free sample bottle and delightful child's picture-book "The Good-Time Garden" (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper). **SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

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TERMS FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY.
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Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
real hair savers - **Wavers**

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MADE TO ORDER 18/6

A Stylish Costume

Made to your own measure, in all the latest colours in our stylish Trouser and Waistcoat. Tailor Serge complete for 18/6

Postage 1/6 extra.

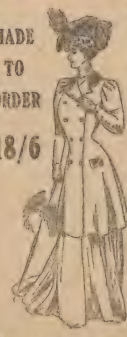
Three-quarter Coat for winter wear in Haverhill, Tweeds, etc., made to measure. 16/6.

We have made a special study of cuttings of making costumes by measurements and our system of fitting by post is totally different to all old-fashioned methods pursued by other firms. A trial order will convince you of the superiority of our productions.

A West End Tailor-Made Costume Cut to your 18/6
Measure, only

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VARIOUS TYPES OF COAT.

THE EXCELLENT POSSIBILITIES OF CARACUL CLOTH.

I suppose there would be no choice in the minds of the majority of women did their exchequer enable them to buy real fur instead of the wonderful imitations of peltry that are sold. But, failing the wherewithal to buy costly skins, and certainly peltry is very expensive this winter, there is everything to be said in favour of the wonderful cloths that imitate the coats of various animals.

Seal is wonderfully simulated in cloth, and so is caracul, and very becoming both materials are, and

slipped on and off, thanks to the very large cap-sleeves it possesses, which, let me hasten to add, must be stitched up instead of being left open, and are therefore perfectly cosy.

Two and a quarter yards of caracul cloth will be required to cut the pattern I have just described. Black is to many women the most satisfactory choice to make, but there are brown, white and grey caraculs to be purchased, which would prove most excellent and becoming additions to toilets of similar colour, but of a rather paler shade than the cloth chosen in the case of brown and grey. The sack model described will require three and a half yards of material, and probably then there will be quite enough just to form the draped crown of the little pork-pie turban.

Yet a third alternative, a most charming design for a fitted coat, with a basque, is illustrated on this page. In this case I think I should choose, were I the maker of the smart little wrap, a chin-



Full particulars of these smart coats the adjoining letterpress affords. Paper patterns can be obtained for them.

as warm as can be. I have, therefore, no hesitation in presenting you to-day with three designs for fur cloth coats, and am happy to be able to state that patterns can be obtained for them.

The coat at the left-hand side of the large picture is fashioned in the comfortable sack shape, and is trimmed with handsome brandebourgs of silk cord and state-stone shaped buttons, upon the double-breasted fronts. The other garment is of a most convenient shape, and is suitable to be worn, not only in the daytime, but in the evening, owing to its smartness and the ease with which it can be

chilled grey caracul cloth, and I should have the vest, collar, and upturned cuffs made of white cloth embroidered with various shades of picotee pink, fuschia, red and gold. The belt should be a 'cather one unless I decided to use cloth to match the rest of the trimmings. Another scheme would be to buy soft suede or chamois leather for the collar, vest, and cuffs, and to work it with silks of various fuschia and picotee shades. The cap should, of course, match the coat if a completely pictorial success be required for the whole. Two and three-quarter yards of wide width fabric, such as caracul cloth is, would amply cut this coat.

No. 336. A seal cloth sack coat, flat paper pattern 6 1/2, or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3 1/2.

No. 335. A caracul bolero with large sleeves, flat paper pattern 6 1/2, or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3 1/2.

No. 339. A caracul coat, with a basque, and cloth vest, collar and cuffs, flat paper pattern 6 1/2, or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3 1/2. Apply to the Managers, Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, D. M., 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., sending postal orders in payment, and mentioning the number of the pattern required.

BRAISED GOOSE AND CELERY

INGREDIENTS.—A medium-sized goose, one carrot, turnip and onion, a stick of celery, a bay leaf, two or three slices of bacon, a little red-currant or roman jelly, celery sauce. For the sauce: One ounce of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of flour, one half of celery, three-quarters of a pint of white stock or milk and water.

Trim the goose and half roast it, then cut it into neat joints. Wash and prepare the vegetables, cut them in slices and put them in a braising-pan or casserole, add a seasoning of salt and pepper, the slices of bacon, about three-quarters of a pint of good brown stock, the bay-leaf, and the jelly. Put on the lid and cook the contents slowly in the oven till they are quite tender. Meanwhile prepare the celery.

To make the sauce, melt the butter in a sauce-pan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the stock. Wash the celery carefully, then grate or finely chop the white part and add it to the sauce. Bring it to the boil, then let it simmer gently for twenty minutes. Next rub it through a sieve, pour it back into the saucepan, make it thoroughly hot, and strain it carefully. Arrange the pieces of goose neatly on a hot dish and either pour the sauce over or serve separately.



Doctors say that chilly mortals should always wear basqued costumes in preference to those without. The above model has a very graceful basque.

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Here is some more evidence that Frame-Food succeeds when other foods fail. This is the kind of work Fram-Food is doing all over the country. In August alone we received more than 70 letters like this from others testifying that Frame-Food succeeds when other foods fail.

"Up to six weeks old he was little more than a skeleton. We tried six or seven different foods, but could get nothing to suit him. We despaired of rearing him. But our doctor recommended Frame-Food, and since then he has never looked back. He has cut his teeth without trouble, and is as sturdy a little fellow as you could possibly meet. We believe Frame-Food saved his life."—M. L. SHIRLEY, 21, Hillsboro Road, Hillsboro, Sheffield.

FRAME-FOOD is not only the best food for infants and invalids, but a delicious and nourishing breakfast and supper dish for everyone.

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Write for FREE TIN of Frame-Food (mention "Daily Mirror.")

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FREE. A massive Government-stamped solid 14K LEVER CHAIN given to all sending full cash with order. Warranted 10 years. None returned if not satisfied. This NONPAREIL is positively the best. Sent on approval for copy of testimonials, list, size card and particulars of our offer to THE DENT'S RING SYNDICATE (Dent 31, 32, New Street, Birmingham). Mr. A. G. TUTT, of Oakfield, Ryde, I.W., writes: "Four years ago I had a very bad attack of Rheumatism, and after five or six agonising days of Rumatism, no doctor being able to do me the slightest good. Six months ago I purchased one of your 'DENT'S RING' and from that time I have not felt the slightest pain. You are quite at liberty to use this letter if you desire. We have thousands of testimonials similar to this."

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We want to convince every reader of this paper that the VERITAS Galvanic Ring positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, and many bodily ailments. Worn by Royalty and recommended by the Medical Profession, these rings contain specially prepared metals with zinc and copper ions forming a complete battery and draw all the poisonous effluvia and toxins from the system. In order to make these rings more widely known we are giving a 50% discount. Send stamp for copy of testimonials, list, size card and particulars of our offer to THE DENT'S RING SYNDICATE (Dent 31, 32, New Street, Birmingham).

Mr. A. G. TUTT, of Oakfield, Ryde, I.W., writes: "Four years ago I had a very bad attack of Rheumatism, and after five or six agonising days of Rumatism, no doctor being able to do me the slightest good. Six months ago I purchased one of your 'DENT'S RING' and from that time I have not felt the slightest pain. You are quite at liberty to use this letter if you desire. We have thousands of testimonials similar to this."

We have thousands of testimonials similar to this.

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In connection with the match between Tottenham Hotspur and Luton, to be played at Tottenham on Saturday, the Great Northern Railway Company have arranged for a special through "football" train to Finsbury Park, leaving Luton 1.20 p.m., arriving at Finsbury Park 2.5 p.m. (and King's Cross 2.15). The return trains will leave Finsbury Park 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.0, 10.0 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.; Finsbury Park 5.55, 7.7, 10.7 a.m., and 12.25 a.m. Electric trains run from Finsbury Park Station to the football ground. Passengers can continue their journey to King's Cross if desired, and can return from King's Cross also.

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A GRAND EXHIBITION OF SINGER CYCLES
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See the SPECIAL GRAND 25 1/2 lbs. weight, including
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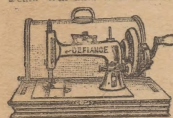
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The "Lancet"—"... analysis
shows . . . free from sugar or
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IMPROVED DEFENSE VIBRATING LOCKSTITCH
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are a blessing in the household and in every country of the
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ailments as are peculiar to women, many of whom endure
needless pain and ill-health through ignorance of this
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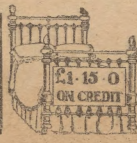
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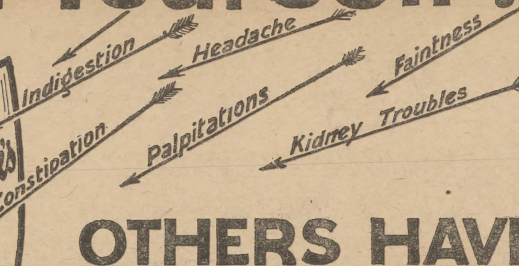
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